
Title: a Tale of Two Seas

Author: Tunna of FCB

It was an ordinary
monday night at sea on
the FCB Guild boat with
a handful of fishing
members fishing up a
storm not to mention a
few deep sea serps and
other moist monsters.

The smell of salt and
raw fish permeated the
deck as tall tales were
passed from old salty dog
to new shipmates.
One of the oldest and
most often told stories
is of another time,

another space, another
sea.....The Black Ink Sea.

The Black Ink Sea is on
no map. Legend has it
that only once every
century a passage opens
up to this sea.

Black as night the Ink
Sea is covered with
floating star shaped gems
of the rarest minerals.
These gems are said to
guide ships through the
murky waters with thier
reflexions. The evenings

are also illuminated by
the gems effervescenscent
glow.

The tale never tells
why the sea is so black,
that is a mystery, until
recently.

Gem, Aphrodite, Curly the
Dread, Aridas, spurlock,
Amari, FiFi LaForge, Von
Hogan, myself and many

more were aboard as the
ship started to heave and
ho. The clouds darkened,
the sky dropped tears by

the buckets full and the
ship appeared to float on
air.

Before we knew it we
were transported to a
sea we had never sailed
before. By the look of it
it was not long before

we knew it was The
Black Ink Sea.
Our mouths dropped in
awe at the sight of its
beauty, nothing any of us
had seen the likes of
before.
Our minds were not at

peace for very long as
we soon learned of how
this sea got its name.
Lifting our ship up,
rocking us about was the
largest SQUID any of us
has ever seen.
One hundred times larger

than our ship. This was
no kraken for sure.
FiFi grabbed her ample
bosoms and screamed as
the men started an
attach with bow and
arrow. This gigantic
creature spewed ink in

the amounts unknown to
man. Yes, the Black Ink
Sea was indeed ink.!
Our battle lasted for
what seemed hours until
be were all unconscious.
The next morning we
woke and to our

amaZement still alive.
The ship was no longer
on The Black Ink Sea
but back on home
waters.
Confused with such vivid
memory of this adventure
we all looked at the

empty rum bottles. Was
it the new batch of rum
Curly brewed up or did
we really sail the Black
Ink Sea?

I have a feeling this tale
will be told many times
as the years go by.

Another tall tale?
We really don't know.
What do you think?